

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

JANUARY, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DROUGHT.*

As long as the long days lasted no rain came. From the middle of June till the beginning of September the country was bathed in continual sunshine.

The rain refused to fall, the earth to nourish, the winds to blow. Sunshine only streamed down on the earth. The grass was not yet high and could not grow; the rye was without nourishment just when it should have gathered food in its ears; the wheat, from which most of the bread was baked, never came up more than a few inches; the late sowed turnips never sprouted; not even the potatoes could draw sustenance from that petrified earth.

At such times they begin to be frightened far away in the forest huts, and from the mountains the terror comes down to the calmer people on the plain.

"There is some one whom God's hand is seeking!" say the people.

And each one beats his breast and says: "Is it I? Is it from horror of me that the rain holds back? Is it in wrath against me that the stern earth dries up and hardens?—and the perpetual sunshine—is it to heap coals of fire on my head? Or if it is not I, who is it whom God's hand is seeking?"

It was a Sunday in August. The

service was over. The people wandered in groups along the sunny roads. On all sides they saw burned woods and ruined crops. There had been many forest fires; and what they had spared, insects had taken.

The gloomy people did not lack for subjects of conversation. There were many who could tell how hard it had been in the years of famine of eighteen hundred and eight and nine, and in the cold winter of eighteen hundred and twelve, when the sparrows froze to death. They knew how to make bread out of bark, and how the cows could be taught to eat moss.

There was one woman who had tried a new kind of bread of cranberries and corn meal. She had a sample with her, and let the people taste it. She was proud of her invention.

But over them all floated the same question. It stared from every eye, was whispered from every lip: "Who is it, Lord, whom Thy hand seeks?"

A man in the gloomy crowd, which had gone westward and struggled up Broby hill, stopped a minute before the path which led up to the house of the mean Broby clergyman. He picked up a dry stick from the ground and threw it upon the path.

"Dry as that stick have the prayers been which he has given our Lord," said the man.

He who walked next to him also stopped. He took up a dry branch and threw it where the stick had fallen.

* From "The Story of Gosta Berling." Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

"That is the proper offering to thee, priest," he said.

The third in the crowd followed the others' example.

"He has been like the drought; sticks and straw are all that he has let us keep."

The fourth said: "We give him back what he has given us."

And the fifth: "For a perpetual disgrace I throw this to him. May he dry up and wither away like this branch."

"Dry food to the dry priest," said the sixth.

The people who came after see what they are doing and hear what they say. Now they get the answer to their long questioning.

"Give him what belongs to him! He has brought the drought on us."

And each one stops; each one says his word and throws his branch before he goes on.

In the corner by the path there soon lies a pile of sticks and straw—a pile of shame for the Broby clergyman.

That was their only revenge. No one lifted his hand against the clergyman or said an angry word to him. Desperate hearts cast off part of their burden by throwing a dry branch on the pile. They did not revenge themselves. They only pointed out the guilty one to the God of retribution.

"If we have not worshipped you rightly, it is that man's fault. Be pitiful, Lord, and let him alone suffer! We mark him with shame and dishonor. We are not with him."

It soon became the custom for every one who passed the vicarage to throw a dry branch on the pile of shame.

The old miser soon noticed the pile by the woodside. He had it carried away—some said that he heated his stove with it. The next day a new pile had collected on the same spot, and as soon as he had that taken away a new one was begun.

The dry branches lay there and said: "Shame, shame to the Broby clergyman!"

Soon the people's meaning became clear to him. He understood that they pointed to him as the origin of their misfortune. It was in wrath at him God let the earth languish. He tried to laugh at them and their branches; but when it had gone on a week he laughed no more. Oh, what childishness! How can those dry sticks injure him? He understood that the hate of years sought an opportunity of expressing itself. What of that?—he was not used to love.

For all this he did not become more gentle. He had perhaps wished to improve after the old lady had visited him; now he could not. He would not be forced to it.

But gradually the pile grew too strong for him. He thought of it continually, and the feeling which every one cherished took root also in him. He watched the pile, counted the branches which had been added every day. The thought of it encroached upon all other thoughts. The pile was destroying him.

Every day he felt more and more the people were right. He grew thin and very old in a couple of weeks. He suffered from remorse and indisposition. But it was as if everything depended on that pile. It was as if his remorse would grow silent, and the weight of years be lifted off him, if only that pile would stop growing.

Finally he sat there all day and watched; but the people were without mercy. At night there were always new branches thrown on.

In the Broby church the sermon was over and the usual prayers read. The minister was just going to step down from the pulpit, but he hesitated; finally he fell on his knees and prayed for rain.

He prayed as a desperate man prays, with few words, without coherency.

"If it is my sin which has called down Thy wrath, let me alone suffer! If there is any pity in Thee, Thou God of mercy, let it rain! Take the shame from me! Let it rain in answer to my prayer! Let the rain fall on the fields of the poor! Give Thy people bread!"

The day was hot; the sultriness was intolerable. The congregation sat as if in a torpor; but at these broken words, this hoarse despair, every one had awakened.

"If there is a way of expiation for me, give rain—"

He stopped speaking. The doors stood open. There came a violent gust of wind. It rushed along the ground, whirled into the church, in a cloud of dust, full of sticks and straw. The clergyman could not continue; he staggered down from the pulpit.

The people trembled. Could that be an answer?

But the gust was only the forerunner of the thunder storm. It came rushing with an unheard-of violence. When the psalm was sung, and the clergyman stood by the altar, the lightning was already flashing, and the thunder crashing, drowning the sound of his voice. As the sexton struck up the final march, the first drops were already pattering against the green window-panes, and the people hurried out to see the rain. But they were not content with that; some wept, others laughed, while they let the torrents stream over them. Ah, how great had been their need! How unhappy they had been! But God is good! God let it rain! What joy, what joy!

The Broby clergyman was the only one who did not come out into the rain. He lay on his knees before the altar and did not rise. The joy had been too violent for him. He died of happiness.

AN ANDALUSIAN COOK.*

Pilar was a young peasant woman. I do not know from what village she came,—somewhere in the neighborhood of Málaga. She was paid three dollars a month, and she "found" herself. A *chef* in that happy land gets five dollars a month; but times were bad, and my friends had had for three years to content themselves with a woman cook. She cooked well, though, and cheerfully, and she prepared more meals in the twenty-four hours than any other cook I ever heard of. The children of the household were of various ages and sexes,

and went to various schools, and needed their meals at separate hours. To be sure, the master of the house was keeping a strict Lent that year, and only ate one meal a day, but that had to be in the middle of it, consequently it had to be cooked and served alone. Madame was delicate, and not only could not fast, but had to have very good and very nourishing food, and to have it very often during the day. There was room for no Spanish procrastination, I am sure, in Pilar's kitchen, but there must have been plenty of *bonne volonté*.

She seemed to have identified herself thoroughly with the family, and to work with a zealous love for them

* From "A Corner of Spain." By Miriam Coles Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.25.

all. There was, however, one of the many children for whom she had a special affection, a very delicate little maiden of two and a half. During the autumn this child had been desperately ill. The doctors gave no hope. Pilar in anguish prayed for her recovery, and promised the Bestower of life that if He would spare little Anita she would, before the end of Holy Week, carry to the shrine, on the top of the "Calvary" outside the town, one pound of olive oil to be burned in His honor. She promised a great many prayers beside, which she managed to get said, in the intervals of her frying and stewing and boiling.

Well, the little girl, contrary to the doctors, began to mend, and finally was entirely restored to health. Pilar was most grateful, and said many Aves in thanksgiving. The winter was a busy one, and then Lent came and seemed no less busy in that big household. Pilar did not forget the pound of oil, but there never seemed a moment when she could ask a half day to go and carry it to the shrine. Holy week came, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,—what should she do! She could scarcely get away from her work even to go out to her parish church on Holy Thursday, to say a little prayer before the Repository, where, throned in flowers and lighted with myriad candles, the Blessed Sacrament is kept till the morning of Good Friday. As to going to seven churches and saying her prayers before each Repository, as other people did, that, alas! was not "for the likes of her." She had a dumb, deep-down feeling, however that the good God knew, and that it would be all right. On her way back from her hurried prayer at the church, a procession passed which she watched for a moment. But this only proved painful, for it had begun to rain, and her plous southern soul was aflame with wrath

that the image of the Blessed Redeemer should be exposed to the storm.

"They don't care about wetting his dear curls," she cried, "as long as they can have a good procession."

She shook her fist at the crowd, and came away in tears. Her mistress, a devout Catholic, tried to console her by reminding her that, after all, it was only an image, and not the dear Lord she loved. Oh, she knew *that*; but it was cruel, but it was shameful! She felt as a mother would feel if the dress of her dead baby, or its little half-worn shoe were spoiled by the caprice or cold-heartedness of some one who had no feeling for it. Altogether, Holy Thursday was not very consoling to Pilar, and the pound of oil grew heavier every hour.

The next day, Good Friday, she had only time to go to church through the silent streets, where no wheels were heard, and say her prayers and look at the black, black altars and the veiled statues. That night, after her work was done, and the last baby had been served with its last porridge, she put her kitchen in hurried order and stole out silently. She had bought the pound of oil at a little shop in the next street and, hiding it under her shawl, turned her steps towards Barcenillas.

The night was black and tempestuous. A hot, dry wind blew; occasionally a gust brought a few drops of rain, but more often it was only a roaring gale, which made the street-lamps blink, and whirled the dust around her. It was a long way to the suburb; it was late; there were few abroad. But no matter, the good Lord knew why she was out, and He would take care of her.

There were no trams running in the days of Holy Week. From Holy Thursday till after the cathedral bells ring for first vespers on Holy Saturday no horse is taken out of its stall,

no wheels move in the streets of Málaga. It was nearly midnight when she got to Barcenillas. She crossed the silent plaza, passed through the gate and began the ascent of the steep hill. There is a broad road that winds up it, and at every "station" there is a lamp burning. She knelt at each as she reached it. But the place was very lonely; the eucalyptus trees shook and whispered to each other and the lamps were dim, and flickered in the rough wind. The night before there had been processions all through the night, crowds upon crowds going up the hill; she would not have been lonely then. But she could not get away, because of little Josef's being ill and needing the water heated for his bath every hour. Yes, it would have been nicer last night, with all the priests, and all the chanting, and all the flaming torches. But the good God knew all about it,—why she did not come then, when she wanted to,—and why she came now, when she was afraid, and almost did not want to. Not that

exactly; she *did* want to,—only—oh, but then He knew; she would not worry, but she said her prayers with chattering teeth and many furtive looks behind her.

At last she reached the summit, where in a little chapel burned the light that could be seen for miles around Málaga. There a solitary brother knelt, saying his beads and keeping watch. She said her last prayers at the altar, and left the votive oil with the friar, who commended her piety and was very kind. As she came out, the clouds broke and the Paschal moon shone through them, and the broad road led down with smooth ease towards the sleeping, silent city. Her steps made just as lonely echoes on the stones of the deserted streets, but she felt herself favored of heaven, as no doubt she was, and all her fears were gone.

It was after three o'clock when she let herself in at the kitchen door; and it was several weeks before her mistress learned, by accident, of the dolorous little pilgrimage.

THE CAPTIVE FOX.*

As night came down the little fellow became very uneasy, sneaking out of his box, but going back at each slight alarm, tugging at his chain, or at times biting it in fury while he held it down with his fore paws. Suddenly he paused as though listening, then raising his little black nose he poured out a short quavering cry.

Once or twice this was repeated, the time between being occupied in worrying the chain and running about. Then an answer came, the far-away

Yap-yurrr of the old fox. A few minutes later a shadowy form appeared on the wood-pile. The little one slunk into his box, but at once returned and ran to meet his mother with all the gladness that a fox could show. Quick as a flash she seized him and turned to bear him away by the road she came. But the moment the end of the chain was reached the cub was rudely jerked from the old one's mouth, and she, scared by the opening of a window, fled over the wood-pile.

An hour afterward the cub had ceased to run about or cry. I peeped out, and by the light of the moon saw

* From "Wild Animals I Have Known." By Ernest Seton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$2.

the form of the mother at full length on the ground by the little one, gnawing at something—the clank of iron told what, it was that cruel chain. And Tip, the little one, meanwhile was helping himself to a warm drink.

On my going out she fled into the dark woods, but there by the shelter-box were two little mice, bloody and still warm, food for the cub brought by the devoted mother. And in the morning I found the chain was very bright for a foot or two next the little one's collar.

On walking across the woods to the ruined den, I again found signs of Vixen. The poor heart-broken mother had come and dug out the bedraggled bodies of her little ones.

There lay the three little baby foxes all licked smooth now, and by them were two of our hens, fresh killed. The newly heaved earth was printed all over with tell-tale signs—signs that told me that here by the side of her dead she had watched like Rizpah. Here she brought their usual meal, the spoil of her nightly hunt. Here she had stretched herself beside them and vainly offered them their natural drink, and yearned to feed and warm them as of old; but only stiff little bodies under their soft wool she found, and little cold noses, still and unresponsive.

A deep impress of elbows, breast and hocks showed where she had lain in silent grief and watched for them long and mourned as a wild mother can mourn for its young. But from that time she came no more to the ruined den, for now she surely knew that her little ones were dead.

Tip, the captive, the weakling of the brood, was now the heir to all her love. The dogs were loosed to guard the hens. The hired man had orders to shoot the old fox on sight—so had I, but was resolved never to see her.

Chicken-heads, that a fox loves and

a dog will not touch, had been poisoned and scattered through the woods; and the only way to the yard, where Tip was tied, was by climbing the wood-pile after braving all other dangers. And yet each night old Vix was there to nurse her baby and bring it fresh-killed hens and game. Again and again I saw her, although she came now without awaiting the querulous cry of the captive.

The second night of the captivity I heard the rattle of the chain, and then made out that the old fox was there, hard at work digging a hole by the little one's kennel. When it was deep enough to half bury her, she gathered into it all the slack of the chain, and filled it again with earth. Then in triumph thinking she had gotten rid of the chain, she seized little Tip by the neck and turned to dash off up the wood-pile, but alas only to have him jerked roughly from her grasp.

Poor little fellow, he whimpered sadly as he crawled into his box. After half an hour there was a great outcry among the dogs, and by their straight-away tonguing through the far woods I knew they were chasing Vix. Away up north they went in the direction of the railway, and their noise faded from hearing. Next morning the hound had not come back. We soon knew why. Foxes long ago learned what a railroad is; they soon devised several ways of turning it to account. One way is, when hunted, to walk the rails for a long distance just before a train comes. The scent, always poor on iron, is destroyed by the train, and there is always a chance of hounds being killed by the engine. But another way, more sure, but harder to play, is to lead the hounds straight to a high trestle just ahead of the train, so that the engine overtakes them on it and they are surely dashed to destruction.

This trick was skilfully played, and down below we found the mangled re-

mains of old Ranger and learned that Vix was already wreaking her revenge.

That same night she returned to the yard before Spot's weary limbs could bring him back, and killed another hen and brought it to Tip, and stretched her panting length beside him that he might quench his thirst. For she seemed to think he had no food but what she brought. It was that hen that betrayed to my uncle the nightly visits.

My own sympathies were all turning to Vix, and I would have no hand in planning further murders. Next night my uncle himself watched, gun in hand, for an hour. Then when it became cold and the moon clouded over, he remembered other important business elsewhere, and left Paddy in his place.

But Paddy was "onaisy" as the stillness and anxiety of watching worked on his nerves. And the loud bang! bang! an hour later left us sure only that powder had been burned.

In the morning we found Vix had not failed her young one. Again next night found my uncle on guard, for another hen had been taken. Soon after dark a single shot was heard, but Vix dropped the game she was bringing and escaped. Another attempt made that night called forth another gun-shot. Yet next day it was seen by the brightness of the chain that she had come again and vainly tried for hours to cut that hateful bond.

Such courage and stanch fidelity were bound to win respect, if not toleration. At any rate, there was no gunner in wait next night, when all was still. Could it be of any use? Driven off thrice with gun-shots, would she make another try to feed or free her captive young one?

Would she? Hers was a mother's love. There was but one to watch them this time, the fourth night, when the quavering whine of the little one

was followed by that shadowy form above the wood-pile. But carrying no fowl or food that could be seen.

Had the keen huntress failed at last? Had she no head of game for this her only charge, or had she learned to trust his captors for his food?

No; far from all this. The wild-wood mother's heart and hate were true. Her only thought had been to set him free. All means she knew she tried, and every danger braved to tend him well, and help him to be free. But all had failed.

Like a shadow she came and in a moment was gone, and Tip seized on something dropped, and crunched and chewed with relish what she brought. But even as he ate, a knife-like pang shot through and a scream of pain escaped him. Then there was a momentary struggle and the little fox was dead.

The mother's love was strong in Vix, but a higher thought was stronger. She knew right well the poison's power; she knew the poison bait, and would have taught him had he lived to know and shun it too. But now at last when she must choose for him a wretched prisoner's life or sudden death, she quenched the mother in her breast and freed him by the one remaining door.

It is when the snow is on the ground that we take the census of the woods, and when the winter came it told me that Vix no longer roamed the woods of Erindale. Where she went it never told, but only this, that she was gone.

Gone, perhaps, to some other far-off haunt to leave behind the sad remembrance of her murdered little ones and mate. Or gone, may be, deliberately from the scene of a sorrowful life, as many a wild-wood mother has gone, by the means that she herself had used to free her young one, the last of all her brood.

A VOLUNTARY EXILE FROM GRAND PRE.*

In the biggest house of that "Colony of Compromise" on the hill—the house nearest the chapel prison—a girl stood at a south window watching the flames in the village below. The flames, at least, she seemed to be watching. What she saw was the last little column of prisoners marching away from the chapel; and her teeth were set hard upon her under lip.

She was not thinking; she was simply clarifying a confused resolve.

White and thin, and with deep purple hollows under her great eyes, she was nevertheless not less beautiful than when a few months before joyous mirth had flashed from her every look and gesture, as colored lights from a fire-opal. She still wore on her small feet moccasins of Indian work; but now, in winter, they were of heavy, soft, white caribou-skin, laced high upon the ankles, and ornamented with a quaint pattern of red and green porcupine quills. Her skirt and bodice were of creamy woollen cloth. Over her shoulders, crossed upon her breast and caught in her girdle, was spread a scarf of dark yellow silk. The little black lace shawl was flung back from her head, and her hands, twisted tightly in the ends of it, were for a wonder quite still—tensely still, with an air of final decision. Close beside her, flung upon the back of a high wooden settee, lay a long, heavy, hooded cloak of gray homespun, such as the peasant women of Acadie were wont to wear in winter as an over-garment.

A door behind her opened, but Yvonne did not turn her head. George Anderson came in. He came to the window, and tried to look into her

eyes. His face was grave with anxiety, but touched, too, with a curious mixture of impatience and relief. He spoke at once, in a voice both tender and tolerant.

"There go the last of them, poor chaps!" he said. "Captain Grande went some hours ago—quite early. I pray, dear, that now he is gone—to exile indeed, but in safety—you will recover your peace of mind, and throw off this morbid mood, and be just a little bit kinder to—some people!" And he tried, with an awkward timidity, to take her hand.

She turned upon him a sombre, compassionate gaze, but far-off, almost as if she saw him in a dream.

"Don't touch me—just now," she said gently, removing her hand. "I must go out into the pastures for air, I think. All this stifles me! No; alone, *alone!*" she added more quickly, in answer to an entreaty in his eyes. "But, oh, I am sorry, so sorry, beyond words, that I cannot seem kind to—some people! Good-by."

Yvonne almost laughed aloud as she ran, deaf to the growing roar at the farther end of the village and heedless of the flaring crimson that made the air like blood. The wharf, when she reached it, was in a final spasm of confusion, and shouted orders, and sobbings. Now, she grew cautious. Drawing her cloak close about her face, she pushed through the crowd toward the boat.

Just then a firm hand was laid upon her arm, and a very low voice said in her ear—with less surprise, to be sure, than on a former occasion by Gaspeau lower ford,—

"You here, Mademoiselle de Lamourle?"

* From "A Sister to Evangeline." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

Her heart stood still; and she turned upon him a look of such imploring, desperate dismay that Lieutenant Waldron without another word drew her to one side. Then she found voice.

"Oh, if you have any mercy, any pity, do not betray me," she whispered.

"But what does this mean? It is my duty to ask," he persisted, still puzzled.

"I am trying to save my life, my soul, everything, before it's too late!" she said.

"Oh," said he, comprehending suddenly. "Well, I think you had better not tell me anything more. I think it is *not* my duty to say anything about this meeting. You may be doing right. I wish you good fortune and good-by, mademoiselle!"—and, to her wonder, he was off among the crowd.

Still trembling from the encounter, she hastened to the boat.

She found it already half-laden; and in the stern, to her delight, she saw Mother Pêche's red mantle. She was on the point of calling to her, but checked herself just in time. The boat was twenty paces from the wharfedge; and those twenty paces were deep ooze, intolerable beyond measure to white moccasins. Absorbed in her one purpose, which was to get on board the ship without delay, she had not looked to one side or the other, but had regarded women, children, soldiers, boatmen, as so many bushes to be pushed through. Now, however, letting her hood part a little from her face, she glanced hither and thither with her quick imperiousness, and then from her feet to that breadth of slime, as if demanding an instant bridge. The next thing she knew she was lifted by a pair of stout arms and carried swiftly through the mud to the boat-side.

After a moment's hot flush of indignation at the liberty, she realized that

this was by far the best possible solution of the problem, as there was no bridge forthcoming. She looked up gratefully, and saw that her cavalier was a big red-coat, with a boyish, jolly face. As he gently set her down in the boat she gave him a radiant look which brought the very blood to his ears.

"Thank you very much indeed!" she said, in an undertone. "I don't know how I should have managed but for your kindness. But really it is very wrong of you to take such trouble about *me*; for I see these other poor things have had to wade through the mud, and their skirts are terrible."

The big red-coat stood gazing at her in open-mouthed adoration, speechless; but a comrade, busy in the boat stowing baggage, answered for him.

"That's all right, miss," said he. "Don't you worry about Eph. He's been carryin' children all day long, an' some few women because they was sick. He's arned the right to carry one woman jest fer her beauty."

In some confusion Yvonne turned away, very fearful of being recognized. She hurriedly squeezed herself down in the stern by Mother Pêche. The old dame's hand sought hers, furtively, under the cloak.

"I went to look for you, mother," she whispered into the red shawl.

"I knew you'd come, poor heart, dear heart!" muttered the old woman.

"I waited for you till they *dragged* me away. But I knew you'd come."

"How did you know that, mother?" whispered Yvonne, delighted to find that this momentous act of hers had seemed to some one just the expected and inevitable thing. "Why, I didn't know it myself till half an hour ago."

Mother Pêche looked wise and mysterious.

"I knew it," she reiterated. "Why, dear heart, I knew all along you loved him."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is said that when "The Little Minister" was played recently at Kirriemuir, the original "Thrums," it was "guyed" by the natives as a caricature.

The Athenæum reports that the health of Mr. R. D. Blackmore has not been of late so satisfactory as could be wished, but it speaks hopefully of the prospect of its improvement.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has a sequel to "Sentimental Tommy" half completed, under the title of "The Celebrated Tommy." Tommy had some interesting qualities, but not a few readers will question whether there was quite enough of him to be worth a second volume.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, in a new romance of 1745, entitled "Ricroft of Withens" puts forward an explanation of the movements of Prince Charlie at the time when he is said to have left his army in their retreat. Mr. Sutcliffe takes him to Kendal via Haworth.

So many of the military and naval commanders in the late war are publishing accounts of their operations, in magazines and books, that popular appreciation of Admiral Dewey will certainly be enhanced by a knowledge of the fact that he has refused five thousand dollars for a magazine article.

According to the Scots Pictorial, Mr. Neil Munro drew the character of "John Splendid" from life, the original being a butcher of Helensburgh, known locally as Peter Splendid. Mr. Munro, by the way, has written a new story, called "The Paymaster's Boy,"

which is to appear as a serial in Good Words next year.

An English publisher has collected, in a volume entitled "Drift from Longshore" a number of papers by "A Son of the Marshes," some of which have appeared in *The Living Age*. Mrs. J. A. Owen, who edits the book, tells the reader that the paternal "marshes" are in Kent, and that Milton-next-Sittingsbourne is their centre. In one at least of the papers certain parts of Sussex are described.

A multitude of translations, good, bad and indifferent, attest the remarkable popularity of M. Edmond Rostand's comedy "Cyrano de Bergerac." Among them all, the most satisfactory, both as regards accuracy and literary quality, is that made by Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers). This is the version which has been accepted by Mr. Mansfield for stage presentation.

One of the questions which interested Mr. Gladstone, according to Sir Edward Hamilton, in his recently-published monograph, was: "Who are the four greatest poets of the world?" Mr. Gladstone thought there could be no doubt that the first three places must be assigned to Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. For the fourth place he regarded Æschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe as competitors, but his final choice was Goethe. The two greatest masters of English in recent times Mr. Gladstone decided to be Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin.

Apropos of the article on Shakespeare and Bacon which *The Living Age* of October 1st reprinted from *The*

Quarterly Review, it is interesting to learn, from an exultant announcement by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, that he has discovered a cipher in Shakespeare's Sonnets and in Ben Johnson's plays, as well as in Shakespeare's plays; and that by an application of his key to the inscription on the gravestone over Shakespeare's remains, he is able to extract from it this remarkable cipher sentence: "Francis Bacon wrote the Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare Plays." Mr. Donnelly expresses a serene confidence that his forthcoming book will go far to settle the whole Baconian controversy.

In Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to "The Newcomes" in the Biographical edition of Thackeray, (Harper & Bros., publishers) there is this reference to the numerous conjectures which have been made regarding the original of Col. Newcome:

It is almost touching to realize how many people have found the original of Colonel Newcome, to their personal satisfaction, in various individuals. I could almost laugh sometimes when one old friend after another says, "Have you never thought that So-and-so may have suggested the original character that your father must have meant to describe—?" I never heard my father say that when he wrote Colonel Newcome any special person was in his mind, but it was always an understood thing that my step-grandfather had many of Colonel Newcome's characteristics, and there was also a brother of the Major's, General Charles Carmichael, who was very like Colonel Newcome in looks; a third family Colonel Newcome was Sir Richmond Shakespeare; and how many more are there not, present and yet to come? According to a friendly biographer of the Thackeray family, they abound in India!

The long-mooted question whether reviews are of assistance in selling a book receives an affirmative answer

in the case of Hugh Conway's story, "Called Back." This story was written in six weeks for the sum of \$400, and was published as "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual" in 1883. It sold only three thousand copies in three months, but a notice of it in *Truth* in January, 1884, started a demand for it, and up to the present time 370,000 copies of it have been sold in Great Britain and the colonies alone. Those were days before an English book enjoyed copyright protection in the United States; and of the numerous American publishers who put out editions of "Called Back," Henry Holt & Co. was the only house which volunteered any payments to the author. His English publisher treated him generously, cancelling the original agreement and paying him royalty on every copy sold.

The greatest charm of a scrap book is perhaps in its personal quality, and it is rare that such a book has sequence enough to make it of actual value from the student's point of view. But in a volume entitled "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution" (A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers) Mrs. E. W. Latimer has brought together an unusually good collection of facts, descriptive passages, extracts from rare letters and manuscripts, clippings from higher grade magazines, anecdotes that are never snatched unfeelingly from their appropriate settings, and translations not only of noteworthy French articles, but of verses by such poets as Victor Hugo and François Coppée. That the translations are often her own adds to the interest of a work which still retains much of the peculiar attractiveness of the scrap book. The volume is illustrated, and is uniform with Mrs. Latimer's histories of the several continental countries during the present century.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- American Colonization, The Romance of. By William Elliot Griffis. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Authors, Recent, Personal Sketches of. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Bible, The, Questions and Answers about. By the Rev. Albert Wellman Hitchcock. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Price 50 cents.
- Christian Rationalism: Essays on Matters in Debate between Faith and Unbelief. By J. H. Rylance, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Price \$1.25.
- Cyrano de Bergerac. From the French of Edmond Rostand. Done into English Verse by Howard Thayer Kingsbury. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- England and the Hundred Years' War. By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Florida Alexander, A Kentucky Girl. By Eleanor Talbot Kincaid. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- French Revolution, The, My Scrap Book of. Edited by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$2.50.
- From Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New. By Julia Ward Howe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- General Nelson's Scout. By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Gladstone, Mr. A Monograph. By Sir Edward W. Hamilton, K.C.B. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Gösta Berling, The Story of. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Hawaii and Japan, Vacation Days in. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$2.
- Katie, A Daughter of the King. By Mary A. Gilmore. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Katrina. By Ellen Douglas Deland. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Kittyboy's Christmas. By Amy E. Blanchard. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Love in Epigram. Compiled by Frederic W. Morton. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- Luxury and Sacrifice. By Charles F. Dolé. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers. Price 35 cents.
- Phillip, The Story of a Boy Violinist. By T. W. O. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Poor Human Nature, A Musical Novel. By Elizabeth Godfrey. Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Prince of Gravas, The. By Alfred C. Fleckenstein, A.B., B.S. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Santiago Campaign, The. By Major-General Joseph Wheeler. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$3.
- Sielanka, and Other Stories. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$2.00.
- Social Ideals in English Letters. By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.75.
- Some Persons Unknown. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Spain, A Corner of. By Miriam Coles Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Three Freshmen. By Jessie Anderson Chase. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- Two Young Patriots: A Story of Burgoyne's Invasion. By Everett T. Tomlinson. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Seton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$2.
- Workers, The: An Experiment in Reality. The West. By Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Yankee Volunteer, A. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Young Supercargo, The. By William Drysdale. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

